pare and deserted.

There was nothing there.

side of the cellar from ourselves

nearing things, I wondered?

ppen up as though on a pivot.

ed buckled to his back.

Craig ripped off the helmet.

It was Dan the Dude.

annot be breathed."

man appeared. Over his head he wore

with a regular football interference.

It was the work of only a momen

"What's that thing?" I puffed, as

"An oxygen helmet," he replied.

There must be air down the tube that

He went over to the tube. Carefully

he opened the top and gazed down,

starting back a second later, with his

face puckered up at the noxious odor.

"Sewer gas," he ejaculated, as he

slammed the cover down. Then he

added to the policeman: "Where do

James viaduct-an old sewer-is some

"Why," replied the officer, "the St.

Kennedy puckered his face as he

gazed at our prisoner. He reached

down quickly and lifted something off

A moment later he selzed the man

"Where is she-tell me?" he de-

The man snarled some kind of a re-

"Humph!" snorted the prisoner, more

Kennedy was furious. As he sent

the man reeling away from him he

seized the oxygen helmet and began

putting it on. There was only one

thing to do-to follow the clue of the

Down into the pest hole he went, his

head protected by the oxygen helmet.

As he cautiously took one step after

another down a series of iron rungs

ter was up to his chest. At the bot-

ply, refusing to say a word about her.

"Tell me," repeated Kennedy,

you suppose it comes from?"

where about these parts."

the man's coat,

'Elaine's!"

manded.

"Golden hair."

and shook him roughly.

close-mouthed than ever.

golden strands of hair.

at my watch.

No answer

into the darkness.

down the ladder.

helplessly around.

that he was right.

it taut. He gazed down.

mpossible for him to hear.

parently dead

to control my fears for him.

he climbed. The gas was terrible.

As he neared the top of the ladder

he came to a shelf-like aperture in the

sewer chamber, and gazed about. It

was horribly dark. He reached out

pulled on it. Then he reached further

There was Elaine, unconscious, ap-

In desperation Craig carried her

With our prisoner we could only look

"By George, I'm going down after

"Don't do it," advised the police

One whiff of the horrible gas told me

There was, indeed, a faint noise from

the black depths below us. A rope

alongside the rough ladder began to

No answer. But the rope still

noved. Perhaps the helmet made it

He had struggled back in the swirl

ing current almost exhausted by his

helpless burden. Holding Elaine's

head above the surface of the water

and pulling on the rope to attract my

attention, he could neither hear nor

shout. He had taken a turn of the rope

about Elaine. I tried pulling on it.

There was something heavy or the

At last I could make out Kennedy

'imly mounting the ladder. The

weight was the unconscious body of

Elaine which he steadled as he mount-

ed the ladder. I tugged harder and he

other end and I kept on pulling.

slowly came up.

"You'll never get out."

"Listen," said the policeman

im," I cried in desperation.

elped Craig with the headgear.



The Exploits of Elaine

A Detective Novel and a Motion Picture Drama

By ARTHUR B. REEVE

The Well-Known Novelist and the Creator of the "Craig Kennedy" Stories Presented in Collaboration With the Pathe Players and

pital-fortunately. I don't know what

that someone came to my assistance

and the man fied. I thought the Star

"We are," I hastened to reply. "Will

Why, I am Mrs. Florence Leigh of

woman on the wire who says she has

"Suppose you take that assignment."

I took it with alacrity, figuring out

"Absolutely-as much as if it had

been by one of these poisoned needles

you read about," she replied confident-

y, hastening on to describe the affair

"May I use your telephone?"

I called the laboratory. "Is that you,

"Yes, Walter," he answered, recog

"Say, Craig," I asked breathlessly.

what sort of kiss would suffocate a

My only answer was an uproarious

"I know," I persisted, "but I've got

the assignment from the Star-and

I'm out here interviewing a woman

about it. It's all right to laugh-but

here I am. I've found a case-names.

dates and places. I wish you'd explain

"Oh, all right, Walter," he replied

The bell rang and the woman

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indulgently. "I'll meet you as soon as

"Surely," she answered

laugh from him at the idea

Craig?" I inquired.

nizing my voice.

the thing, then."

I can and help you out."

We waited patiently.

"Hello, Walter." he greeted.

person?"

803 Phones IIO

Richmond Coal and

Supply Co.

the editor answered, sensing a possi-

would be interested."

you give me your name?"

received the poisoned kiss."

face to reach the address.

neat sitting room.

would have happened if it hadn't been

the Eclectic Film Company

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The New York police are mystified by a series of murders and other crimes. The principal clue to the criminal is the warning letter which is sent the victims, signed with a "clutching hand." The latest victim of the mysterious assassin is Taylor Dodge, the insurance president. His daughter, Elaine, employs Craig Kennedy, the famous scientific detective, to try to unravel the mystery. What Kennedy accomplishes is told by his friend Jameson, a newspaper man. Enraged at the determined effort which Elaine and Craig Kennedy are making to put an end to his crimes, the Clutching Hand, as this strange criminal is known, resorts to put them out of the way. Each chapter of the story tells of a new plot against their lives and of the way the great detective uses all his skill to save this pretty girl and himself from death.

TENTH EPISODE

THE LIFE CURRENT.

Assignments were being given out on the Star one afternoon, and I was standing talking with several other reporters, in the busy hum of typewriters and clicking telegraphs.

"What do you think of that?" asked one of the fellows. "You're something of a scientific detective, aren't you?" Without laving claim to such a distinction, I took the paper and read:

THE POISONED KISS AGAIN.

Three More New York Women Report Being Kissed by Mysterious Stranger -Later Fell Into Deep Unconscious

ness-What Is It? I had scarcely finished when one of the copy boys, dashing past me, called out: "You're wanted on the wire, Mr.

I hurried over to the telephone and answered. A musical voice responded to my hurried hello, and I hastened to

adopt my most polite tone. "Is this Mr. Jam'eson?" asked the

"Yes," I replied, not recognizing it. "Well, Mr. Jameson, I've heard of you on the Star, and I've just had a

very strange experience. I've had the poisoned kiss." went on: "It was like this. A man

W. A. LANGFORD

Quality

President

The woman did not pause to catch my exclamation of astonishment, but ran up to me on the street and kissed me-and-I don't know how it was- nedy. I became unconscious-and I

Courteous Treatment

A. M. DAVISON

Secretary

"This is certainly : most remark-able case, Craig," I said, introducing him, and telling briefly what I had

"And you actually mean to say that kiss had the effect-" Just then the telephone interrupted. "Yes," she reasserted quickly. "Ex-

cuse me a second.

She answered the call. "Oh-why -yes, he's here. Do you want to speak to him? Mr. Jameson, it's the Star." "Confound it!" I exclaimed, "isn't that like the old man-dragging me off this story before it's half finished in order to get another. I'll have to go. I'll get this story from you, Craig."

The day before, in the suburban house, the Clutching Hand had been talking to two of his emissaries, an attractive young woman and a man. They were Flirty Florrie and Dan

the Dude. "Now, I want you to get Kennedy," he said. "The way to do it is to separate Kennedy and Elaine-see?" "All right, Chief, we'll do it," they

Clutching Hand had scarcely left when Flirty Florrie began by getting published in the papers the story which I had seen.

The next day she called me up from the suburban house. aving got me to promise to see her, she had scarcely turned from the telephone when Dan the Dude walked in from the next

"He's coming," she said. Dan was carrying a huge stag head antlers. Under his arm was a coil of showed it to Elaine. wire which he had connected to the inside of the head.

"Fine!" he exclaimed. Then, pointing to the head, he added, "It's all not notice. ready. See how I fixed it? That ought to please the Chief.

Dan moved quickly to the mantel Concealment was not in her frank naand mounted a stepladder there by ture. which he had taken down the head, and started to replace the head above the mantel.

He hooked the head on a nall.

Back of it could be seen a camera shutter. "One of those new quick shutter

cameras," he explained. Then he ran a couple of wires along the molding around the room and into a closet, where he made the connection with a sort of switchboard on which a button was marked, "SHUT-TER" and the switch, "WIND FILM."

"Now, Flirty," he said, coming out of the closet and pulling up the shade which let a flood of sunlight into the room, "you see, I want you to stand here-then, do your little trick." Just then the bell rang. "That must be Jameson," she cried.

Now-get to your corner." With a last look Dan went into the oset and shut the door. Perhaps half an hour later Clutching Hand himself called me up on the telephone. It was he-not the Star-

as I learned only too late. I had scarcely got out of the house as Craig told me afterwards, when

Flirty Florrie told all over again the embroidered tale that had caught my

Kennedy said nothing, but listened the skepticism he felt.

"You see," she said, still voluble and eager to convince him. "I was only walking on the street. Here-let me show you. It was just like this." She took his arm and, before he knew, it, led him to the spot on the floor near the window which Dan had Meanwhile Dan was lisindicated.

tening attentively in his closet. "Now-stand there. You are just as I was-only I didn't expect anything.

No. 20 Prospect avenue," returned the She was pantomiming some one ap-"Say," I exclaimed hurrying over proaching stealthily while Kennedy to the editor's desk, "here's another watched her with interest, tinged with Behind Craig in his closet, doubt. Dan was reaching for the switchboard

"You see," she said advancing juickly and acting her words, "he placed his hands on my shouldersso-then threw his arms about my

the quickest way by elevated and surieck-so! I must say that I could scarcely crit-She said no more, but imprinted a icize the poisoned kisser's taste, for deep, passionate kiss on Kennedy's the woman who opened the door cermouth, clinging closely to him. Before Kennedy could draw away, Dan tainly was extraordinarily attractive. "And you really were-put out by in the closet, had pressed the buta kiss?" I queried, as the led me into ton and the switch several times in

rapid succession. "Th-that's very realistic," gasped Craig, a good deal taken aback by the sudden osculatory assault.

He frowned. "I-I'll look into the case," he said, backing away. "There-there may be scientific explanation-but-

He was plainly embarrassed and hastened to make his adieux.

How little impression the thing made on Kennedy can be easily seen from the fact that on the way downtown that afternoon he stopped at Martin's, on Fifth avenue, and bought a ring-a very handsome solitaire, the

finest Martin had in the shop. It must have been about the time that he decided to stop at Martin's that the Dodge butler, Jennings, admitted a young lady who presented a card on which was engraved the

Miss Florence Leigh, 20 Prospect Avenue. As he handed Elaine the card, she looked up from the book she was reading and took it.

"All right, show her in, Jennings. hastened to the door, admitting Ken-I'll see her." Elaine moved into the drawing room,

Jennings springing forward to part the portieres for her and passing through the room quickly where Flirty Florrie sat waiting. Flirty Florrie rose and stood gazing at Elaine, apparently very much embarrassed, even after Jennings had gone.

"It is embarrassing," she said final-"It is embarrassing," she said finally, "but, Miss Dodge, I have come to NEW DISCOVERY you to beg for my love."

Elaine looked at her nonplused. "Yes," she continued, "you do not know it, but Craig Kennedy is infatuated with you." She paused again, then added, "But he is engaged to me." Elaine stared at the woman. She

was dazed. She could not believe it There is the ring." Flirty Florrie added, indicating a very impressive paste diamond.

Quickly she reached into her bag and drew out two photographs, without a word, handing them to Elaine. "There's the proof," Florrie said imply, choking a sob.

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asing.

Elsine slowly laid the photographs Parry.—Adv.

There Is No Question and the distresse exall Dyspepsia

Henry L. Perry.

on the table "Please-please, Miss Dodge-give me back my lost love. You are rich and beautiful-I am poor. I have only my good looks. But-I-I love himand he-loves me-and has promised

Florrie had broken down completely and was weeping softly into a lace handkerchief.

She moved toward the door. Elaine followed her. "Jennings-please see the lady to the door."

Back in the drawing-room, Elaine seized the photographs and hurried into the library where she could be

Just then she heard the bell and Kennedy's voice in the hall. "How are you this afternoon," Kennedy greeted Elaine gayly.

Elaine had been too overcome by what had just hoppened to throw it off so easily, and received him with studied coolness. Still, Craig, manlike, did not notice

it at once. In fact, he was too busy gazing about to see that neither Jennings. Marie nor the duenna Aunt Josephine were visible. They were not and he quickly took the ring from with a beautifully branched pair of his pocket. Without waiting, he

Elaine very coolly admired the ring, as Craig might have eyed a specimen on a microscope slide. Still, he did He took the ring, about to put it

on her finger. Elaine drew away. She picked up the two photographs. "What have you to say about

those?" she asked cuttingly. Kennedy, quite surprised, took them "There," he said, unscrewing one of and looked at them. Then he let them the beautiful brown glass eyes of the fall carelessly on the table and dropped into a chair, his head back in a burst of laughter.

'Why-that was what they put over on Walter," he said. "He called me up early this afternoon-told me he had discovered one of these poisoned kiss cases you have read about in the papers. Think of it-all that to pull a concealed camera! Such an elaborate business-just to get me where they could fake this thing. I suppose they've put someone up to saying she's engaged?"

Elaine was not so lightly affected. "But," she said severely, repressing her emotion, "I don't understand, Mr. Kennedy, how scientific inquiry into 'the poisoned kiss' could necessitate this sort of thing."

She pointed at the photographs accusingly. "But," he began, trying to explain. "No buts," she interrupted.

"Then you believe that I-" "How can you, as a scientist, ask me o doubt the camera?" she insinuated,

very coldly turning away. Kennedy rapidly began to see that was far more serious than he had at first thought. "Very well," he said with a touch of

impatience, "if my word is not to be inside the hole, he found that the wa-He had seized his hat and stick Elaine did not deign to answer.

Then, without a word, he stalked out of the door. Kennedy was moping in the labora-

tory the next day when I came in. "Say, Craig," I began, trying to overcome his fit of blues. Kennedy, filled with his own thoughts, paid no attention to me.

Then he jumped up. "By George-I will," he muttered. I poked my head out of the door in ime to see him grab up his hat and coat and dash from the room, put-

ting his coat on as he went. "He's a nut today," I exclaimed to myself. Though I did not know yet of the quarrel, Kennedy had really struggled with himself until he was willing to put his pride in his pocket and had

made up his mind to call on Elaine As he entered he saw that it was

really of no use, for only Aunt Josephine was in the library. "Oh, Mr. Kennedy," she said innocently enough, "I'm so sorry she isn't here. There's been something trou-

bling her, and she won't tell me what it is. But she's gone to call on a young woman, a Florence Leigh, I "Florence Leigh!" exclaimed Craig

with a start and a frown. "Let me use your telephone.' I had turned my attention in the

laboratory to a story I was writing. when I heard the telephone ring. It was Craig. Without a word of apology for his rudeness, which I knew had been purely absent-minded, I heard "Walter, meet me in half him say: an hour outside that Florence Leigh's house."

Half an hour later I was waiting near the house in the suburbs to which I had been directed by the strange telephone call the day before. I noticed that it was apparently deserted. The blinds were closed and a "To Let" sign was on the side of the

"Hello, Walter," cried Craig at last bustling along. He led the way around the side of the house to a window, and, with a powerful grasp, wrenched open the closed shutters. He had just smashed

"Just the man I want." he parried

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the window when a policeman ap-Together, at last, the policeman and reached down and pulled them out. "Hey, you fellows-what are you We placed Elaine on the cellar floor, as comfortably as was possible, and doing there?" he shouted. Craig paused a second, then pulled the policeman began his first aid mohis card from his pocket. tions for resuscitation.

here-take her up where the air is With his revolver still drawn to orced him to aid us in carrying her Doctors Having Freat Success

up the rickety flight of cellar steps. Kennedy followed quickly, unscrewing the oxygen helmet as he went. In the deserted living room we de posited our senseless burden, while Kennedy, the helmet off now, bent

"No-no!" cried Kennedy. "Not

"Quick-quick!" he cried to the officer. "An ambulance!" "But the prisoner," the policeman indicated "Hurry-hurry; I'll take care of

him," urged Craig, seizing the police-

man's pistol and thrusting it into his pocket. "Walter, help me." He was trying the ordinary methods of resuscitation. Meanwhile the officer had hurried out, seeking the nearest telephone, while we worked madly to bring Elaine back.

Again and again Kennedy bent and distretched her arms. Letter 11 11

duce respiration again. So busy was much to the policeman's surprise. I that for the moment I forgot our

There's something crooked going on But Dan had seen his chance, We climbed into the window. There Noiselessly he picked up the old chair was the same living room we had in the room and with it raised was apeen the day before. But it was now proaching Kennedy to knock him out Before I knew it myself Kennedy "Come on," cried Kennedy, beckonhad heard him. With a half instinc tive motion he drew the revolver from Quickly he rushed through the his pocket and, almost before I could see it, had shot the man. Without a house. There was not a thing in it to change the deserted appearance of word he returned the gun to his pockthe first floor. At last it occurred to et and again bent over Elaine, without Craig to grope his way down cellar. so much as a look at the crook, who sank to the floor, dropping the chair Kennedy had been carefully going from his nerveless hands. over the place, and was at the other

Already the policeman had got an ambulance, which was now tearing along to us.

when I saw him stop and gaze at the Frantically Kennedy was working. "Hide," he whispered suddenly to A moment he paused and looked at ne-hopeless.

We waited a moment. Nothing hap-Just then, outside, we could hear pened. Had he been seeing things or the ambulance, and a doctor and two attendants hurried up to the door From our hidden vantage we could Without a word the doctor seemed to now see a square piece in the floor, appreciate the gravity of the case. perhaps five feet in diameter, slowly He finished his examination and shook his head. The weird and sinister figure of

said slowly. peculiar helmet with hideous glass Kennedy merely stared at him. But pieces over the eyes and tubes that the rest of us instinctively removed nnected with a tank which he carour hats. Kennedy gazed at Elaine, overcome Quickly he closed down the cover of

"There is no hope-no hope," he

Was this the end? he tube, but not before a vile effluvi-It was not many minutes later that um seemed to escape, and penetrate Kennedy had Elaine in the little siteven to us in our hiding places. As ting room off the laboratory, having he moved forward. Kennedy gave a taken her there in the ambulance, flying leap at him, and we followed with the doctor and two attendants. Elaine's body had been placed on a couch, covered by a blanket, and the for us to subdue and hold him, while shades were drawn. The light fell on her pale face. There was something incongruous

about death and the vast collection of scientific apparatus, a ghastly mocking of humanity. How futile was it all in the presence of the great de-

strover! Aunt Josephine had arrived, stunned, and a moment later Perry Bennett. As I looked at the sorrowful party Aunt Josephine rose slowly from her position on her knees, where she had been weeping silently beside Elaine, and pressed her hands over her eyes, with every indication of faintness.

Before any of us could do anything. she had staggered into the laboratory itself. Bennett and I followed quickly. There I was busy for some time getting restoratives. Meanwhile Kennedy, beside the

couch, with an air of desperate determination, turned away and opened a cabinet. From it he took a large coil and attached it to a storage battery, dragging the peculiar apparatus near Elaine's couch.

To an electric light socket Craig attached wires. The doctor watched him in silent wonder "Doctor," he asked slowly as he

worked, "do you know of Professor Leduc of the Nantes School of Medi-"Why-yes," answered the doctor but what of him?"

"Then you know of his method of electrical resuscitation.' "Yes-but"-he paused, looking ap prehensively at Kennedy. Craig paid no attention to his fears but, approaching the couch on which

Elaine lay, applied the electrodes

tom of the perpendicular pit was a calmness, "I apply the anode herenarrow, low passageway leading off. the cathode there." It was just about big enough to get The ambulance surgeon looked on through, but he managed to grope excitedly, as Craig turned on the current, applying it to the back of the The minutes passed as the police-

neck and to the spine. man and I watched our prisoner in the For some minutes the machine cellar by the tube. I looked anxiously worked. Then the young doctor's eyes began "Craig!" I shouted at last, unable to bulge.

"My heavens!" he cried under his breath. "Look!" By this time Craig had come to a Elaine's chest had slowly risen and small, open chamber, into which the fallen. Kennedy, his attention riveted viaduct widened On the wall he found on his work, applied himself with reanother series of iron rungs, up which doubled efforts. The young doctor

looked on with increased wonder. "Look! The color in her face! Seher lips!" he cried. At last her eyes slowly fluttered

open-then closed. and felt a piece of cloth. Anxiously he Would the machine succeed? Or was it just the galvanic effect of the The doctor noticed it and

Elaine Confronts Kennedy With the "Poisoned Kiss" Photographs. placed his ear quickly to her heart. His face was a study in astonishment

The minutes sped fast. To us outside, who had no idea what was transpiring in the other room the minutes were leaden-footed. Aunt Josephine, weak but now herself again, was sitting nervously.

Just then the door opened. I shall never forget the look on the oung ambulance surgeon's face as he murmured under his breath, "Come here-the age of miracles is not passed-look!"

move, as though some one was pulling Raising his finger to indicate that we were to make no noise, he led us "Craig! Craig!" I called. "Is that into the other room. Kennedy was bending over th

> Elaine, her eyes open now, was gaz ng up at him, and a wan smile flitted over her beautiful face. Kennedy had taken her hand, and as he heard us enter, turned half way to us, while we stared in blank won der from Elaine to the weird and complicated electrical apparatus. "It's the life current," he said simply, patting the Leduc apparatus with

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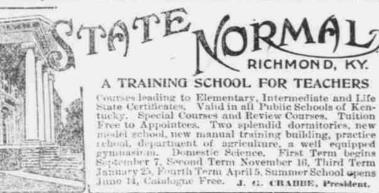
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